

MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A National Republican Newspaper. Devoted to Constitutional Liberty, Union, and every true Interest of the Country.

VOL. 1.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1857.

[NO. 26.]

THE REPUBLICAN

Is Published every Thursday Morning, BY L. MATTINGLY.

Terms of Subscription:
If paid in advance, - - - - - \$1.50
After the expiration of three months, - 2.00
After the expiration of six months, - 3.50
At the end of the year, - - - - - 6.00

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Business Cards, not exceeding five lines inserted twelve months for five dollars.
Longer advertisements, by the year, inserted at the customary rates.

The Republican Job Office.

We have added over two hundred dollars worth of Job Type, also, to our office recently, and now feel prepared to execute, on short notice, all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY Job Printing,

Either in Bronze or Colors.

THOSE WANTING

Pamphlets, Business and Visiting Cards, Catalogues, Hat Tips, &c. Labels, and all kinds of Stationery, will be furnished on short notice, and at reduced prices. The patronage of the public generally, is solicited.

CARD COLUMN.

[Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding six lines in length, inserted in this Column for \$5 per annum, larger ones charged in proportion.]

D. R. SMITH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
PLYMOUTH, IND.

Special attention given to cases in Marshall and Stark counties.
I am permitted to refer to:
JOHN L. WESTWATER, Plymouth;
EMERSON WOODMAN,
April 16, 1857.—251.

HAIR-RESTORING.

MISS DEBORAH PAUL,
Fashionable Dress Maker.

WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies of Plymouth and vicinity, that she will make or fit dresses in the most fashionable style. Having considerable experience in the above business she flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to all who may require her services.

Residence on the north side of La Porte street, west of Mr. J. L. Westwater's residence.
April 24, 1857.—252

A CARD.

D. R. BROWN hereby gives notice to those indebted to him by note or book account to step right in and pay up the demands he has against them, without delay, and save trouble.

He will attend to all calls in his professional office at the Tin Shop of R. M. BROWN & CO. March 19, 1857.

HEDEKIN HOUSE,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

ANDERSON & KNOX,
PROPRIETORS.

Passengers conveyed to and from the Cars Free.

February 26, 1857.

MILLER & GEORGE,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

WILL attend all cases in the Marshall Circuit and Common Pleas Courts.
February 5, 1857.—253

J. J. VINALL, M. D.

Homeopathic Physician.

PARTICULAR attention paid to Chronic Diseases of Women, and Diseases of Children.
Office over Father's Store, corner of Michigan and La Porte streets.
May 3, 1856.—254

Joining a Fashionable Church.

The Methodist Protestant says, one of the last resources assigned a few days ago, in this city, for leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church and joining a more fashionable congregation, may be found in the following conversation:

"Is it possible, Mrs. S., said one lady to another, 'that you are going to leave our church and join at Rev. Dr. —'?"
"Yes," replied the lady, "I have concluded to go with my daughters. They say that the seats in old Eutaw are so close together, that they must either leave off hoops entirely, or leave the church they have been in the habit of attending. Now, at Dr. —'s the pews are large and wide, and ladies can get in and out without much trouble. I think I shall have to go with the girls."

Too Much for the General.

The Mobile Tribune tells the following good story of General Maher, who has so long been the gardener of the Presidential mansion at Washington:

Gen. Jackson had heard rumors that Jenny was becoming to get drunk and be unwell to the visitors at the White House; so one bright morning he summoned him to his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jenny," said the General, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said that you are constantly drunk and unwell to the visitors."

Jenny was puzzled for a reply; at last he said—

"General, beaded, I hear much worse stories about you, but do you think I believe them? No, by the powers; I know they are lies."

Poetical.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
"Wouldn't be an assurance most dear
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, I wish he were here;
To feel that the group at the fire-side
Were thinking of me as I roam;
O yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches—the season
That ever is sacred to song—
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there no chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awakes
Regret at my weariness stay?

Do they set me a chair at the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay down to their sleep,
Do they think of "the absent," and wait me
A whispered "good-night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, and at night?
And fingers are clasped round them,
And lips are sweetly kissed;
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

Do we miss thee at home?—yes, we miss thee,
Since the hour when we bade thee adieu;
And prayers have circled thy pathway,
From anxious hearts loving and true,
That the Saviour would guide and protect thee,
As far from the loved ones you roam;
And whisper where'er thou art, and
They miss thee—they miss thee at home.

The shadows of evening are falling—
O, where is the wanderer now?
The breeze that floats lightly around us
Perchance may soon visit his brow—
O, hear on thy bosom a message:
"We are watching—O! why wilt thou roam?
The heart has grown cold and dejected,
For we miss thee—we miss thee at home."

[The following ode was written, doubtless, in some more southern latitude than this. It would be more applicable to the month of May in this region.]

APRIL.

BY BELLE RUSH.

With sky blue eyes and kirtle green,
And light foot tripping o'er the grass,
I saw a may maiden coming,
And every step and every glance,
Declared she was a laughing lass.

She comes! she comes! the fairest isle
Are radiant with her happy smiles,
And down the hill-side, o'er the lea,
She leads a gaily company.

She looked, she seemed a very queen,
So stately when I saw her pass,
But floating hair, and garments loose,
Bright blushes meeting on her cheeks,
Declared she was a rustic lass.

By times she laughed, by times she wept,
But onward on her journey kept;
Now o'er the vale, and down the hills,
Her laughter wakes the silver rills.

I sailed out, I followed on,
And tracked her footsteps in the grass;
But ere that I could reach her side,
In fift waves of music wild,
Declared she was a merry lass.

I wondered at her changeable mood,
When softly stealing through the wood,
I saw her flitting through the bowers,
In dalliance with the mistle flowers.

I wandered on, she fled before;
I saw her next as in a glass,
Mirrored within a sunny fountain,
And every smile, and every glance,
Declared she was a pretty lass.

O'er mountains wild she took her way,
The rocks were hung with garlands gay;
Thus, ever through the changing years,
Comes April with her "smiles and tears."

From the Old Cultivator.

THE FIRST BIRD SONG.

BY CARLIE STEW.

What hast thou, bird, to sing about,
So early this March morn?
Thy much-told blossoms are not out—
There is no "springing corn!"

'Tis very cold, and our head
No green leaves fairly grow—
No carpet under foot to spread,
But chilly ice and snow!

"Thou shouldst be glad that I am here,
Before the maiden Spring,
To tell thee of the promised cheer—
For more I come to sing!"

Yes, yes, for this, and more, much more,
Thy every song has stirred,
Of wise content with little store—
I thank thee, mistle bird.

Select Miscellany.

A Tale of True Love.

We publish the following with the impression that nothing, since the story of "The Seven Dragons," or the Enchanted Princess of the Apennines," has equaled it. The author will be readily discovered in the flowery style and the extreme delicacy of the delineation. It will be published in book form, and proceeds to be appropriated to the artificial propagation of honesty among rascals.

CHAPTER I.

Treating of the persons of the story, and a few peculiarities in the plot, essential to the proper understanding of it.
Hiram Mullen and Susan Place were engaged. It had been a fixed matter for a year, and the young girls had left off setting their caps for Hiram, and Susan was beyond the aspirations of the many who had fluttered in her train. Every one said it would make a good match, and Hiram and Susan fully believed that they were right. It was pleasant to see how prettily they got along together. The wheels of their love moved on smoothly. In speaking of her, before his face, he called her the most pleasant person that ever was known, and she, in turn, said that of all the plants that grew there was none in her eyes so fair as the Mullen. These were playful things that the intensity of their affection justified, and everybody smiled to hear them out of friendly regard for the parties. They wished to marry, but a lack of the "realty," which prudent people have an eye to—and they were prudent people, were Hiram and Susan—prevented.

CHAPTER II.

Showing how the trifles may tend to interrupt the longest happiness, and what the trifles were.

It was all about a hoop made of rattan, that was intended to go round the bottom of Susan's dress. Hiram, with a view to sport—was such a Satan, so they all said—said, he thought such a thing, to be worn by Susan, would be out of place. Place was her name, don't you see? She blushed and pouted, and then said that all he had uttered was mere Mullen's talk, which sounded like muffled cannon. At this he bristled up and looked serious; and then they looked away from each other.

Such mischief is there in crinolines!—Would any one believe that a trifle like that would drive two souls asunder?
Hiram stood on the door-step unaccompanied, and he left the door-step with anger in his heart, with no good night spoken, no parting kiss exchanged!
"That's my last visit to that Place," said he between his teeth. "I shall not have to endure that Mullen's talk any longer," said Susan. And so they separated forever.

CHAPTER III.

Showing how they felt about it, and what happened thereon.

The next morning Hiram noticed, as he was tying his cravat by the little seven by nine looking-glass in his room, that he looked pale. By a queer freak, his mind saw, in the glass, Susan Place! She was not there, however, as he ascertained, by looking over his left shoulder. He thought her face was pale, and the eyes looked red and miserable, and if he could at that moment have seen her, he would have believed his fancy a reality—for she stood at that very moment looking in her little mirror, and her fancy had conjured the face of Hiram, which was looking at her over her left shoulder very sadly. Then she burst into tears, and she saw that the face of Hiram likewise had a water line on each side of the nose, as if he were weeping which was the fact.

"But," said he, as he tied his cravat by the little seven by nine looking-glass in his room, that he looked pale. By a queer freak, his mind saw, in the glass, Susan Place! She was not there, however, as he ascertained, by looking over his left shoulder. He thought her face was pale, and the eyes looked red and miserable, and if he could at that moment have seen her, he would have believed his fancy a reality—for she stood at that very moment looking in her little mirror, and her fancy had conjured the face of Hiram, which was looking at her over her left shoulder very sadly. Then she burst into tears, and she saw that the face of Hiram likewise had a water line on each side of the nose, as if he were weeping which was the fact.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing the agency of a Third Party in bringing about a reconciliation, and how he managed it.

Nobody ever knew how Susan's brother Jim—a very imp of a boy—managed to get hold of it. Some people thought he had guessed that they had a falling out, from the fact that he had not been to see her for a week. His hat was no more seen hanging on the back of the chair in the entry; his great coat was no more on its accustomed nail behind the door. The presumption was strong that there had been a row, and Jim could see as far through a millstone as the picker thereof.
What an emotion filled the breast of Hiram as he read the billet the servant placed in his hands! He turned as pale as death, and threw his arms around the servant girl's neck to support himself. The note ran briefly thus:

"THE NOTE RUN BRIEFLY THUS:

"SHE WAS DYING FOR HIM! HIS CRUELTY HAD KILLED HER! HARD HEARTED WRETCH THAT HE WAS, MISERY FOR ALL COMING TIME WOULD BE HIS PORTION! HE WOULD GO AT ONCE AND MAKE SUCH REPARATION AS MIGHT BE IN HIS POWER. HE SMOTE HIS BROW WITH HIS CLENCHED FIST, AND RUSHED OUT OF THE HOUSE."

CHAPTER V.

Showing how and where he rushed, and what he did when he got there.

Three squares away from his boarding house was the home of Susan. Frantically thither he rushed, and darted wildly up the steps. The door yielded to his hand, and entering he found the family at dinner, with Susan herself then engaged in picking a bone. They had pork for dinner. A re-

action took place in his feelings and he fainted, upon seeing which Susan swooned. Upon recovering, his first word was to Jim, who stood gazing upon the scene with his face very greasy.

"Wretched youth," said he, sitting up, "why did you tell me to come if I wished to see her alive?"
"Why didn't you want to see her dead, did you?" said the obdurate boy.
He confessed that he did not.

She was brought to like a ship in a gale of wind, and I opened her eyes and mouth, saying "Hiram!" "Susan!" he responded, and they fell into each other's arms.

CHAPTER VI.

Which shows a consideration in the author in bringing his story to a successful termination, setting a fine example for writers generally.

There was a wedding the very next Sunday night, and the bride wore the same rattle hoop that was the cause of the quarrel, and the bride as the reader may have guessed, ere this, was Susan Place.

There was no interruption at the altar. No huge shadow rose to oppose the banners. No sanguinary rival lay in wait to shoot the happy bridegroom with a blunderbuss. No shrieking female, crazy with despair, appeared to claim a treacherous lover. No raging father or offended brother offered sinister prayers over the union. No sensitive mother or sisters went into hysterics over the affair. It was just the sort of a time all would have delighted to see.

And they were happy. As one of their grandchildren, who writes for the Star, told me, the demon of discord never invaded the peace of their home, and the wedding angel never had occasion to wipe a tear from his dewy eyes on account of their wrong doing.

"The World owes me a Living."

That's false sir! It doesn't owe you a farthing. You owe the world for the light of its day, the warmth of its sunshine, the beauty of its earth, and sky, and for its love, affections, and friendships, which have from your childhood, young man, clustered around and clung to your worthless trunk. For all these, and other blessings of countless numbers, you are debtor. You have never even thanked God for health and life. You never made the world better for your living. You owe for the breath you breathe and for the strength you enjoy. You haven't anything to your credit on the day-book of ledger of life—not a cent. You have never taken a dollar's stock in Heaven. You are a miserable, aimless, indolent bankrupt. You float down the stream of your lazy existence like flood-wood on water. Were you to sink to day to oblivion, you would not leave a bubble.

The world owes you a living! Where is there a manly thought uttered, or a noble deed performed? Where are the evidences of your labor? Nowhere. You are lounging through life with your hands in your pockets, an indolent loafer, swearing and slandering nonsense. You drink, gamble, and chew tobacco, but never earned your board. A pile of lumber would be of more account, for that could be worked into forms of usefulness and beauty; but you will not make anything of yourself, or allow society to do it. A world of such as you would be the place to live in indeed! You have degraded our common manhood, instead of ennobling and elevating it, and in nothing but the form and vulgar speech, are you above the brutes that perish. And because you are too lazy to work, you claim that the world owes you a living!

Don't tell that lie again you sluggard! The world or society would not suffer loss were lightning to strike you or the cholera to take you off. There are too many of such. Were you treated as drones are treated in the hive you would have been kicked out of creation, years ago. You are a sponge, swollen with what you have taken from society. You dwarfed the intellect given you, and neglected the endowments it would have brought you. So effectually have you wasted the boon of life, that unless your bones shall go to the dissecting room, and your pickled carcass as a fertilizer upon some God forsaken spot, you will have passed through life to no purpose. The tobacco you have chewed, has only defiled everything around you, and the liquor you have drunk has only been adulterated by your miserable nature, and been turned into rosydism and proflundity. You contaminate everything you touch, and even those like you, will keep their children from the leprosy of your teaching and example.

No sir, you owe the world a better life. You never can pay all the debt, but you can do no better and commute for twenty-five cents on the dollar. Do and say something noble and manly; labor for some honorable purpose, and not inhale God's pure air for nothing and grunt through existence like a hog, having only two aims in life—to reach the bar and the dinner table; and only two attributes—to eat to gluttony, and drink to drunkenness.

The world owes no such a man a living!—Cayuga Chief.

MUSICAL JEALOUSY.—A mocking bird in a happy state of freedom, was trilling its notes in the orchard, below the walls of a friend's house, when its music excited similar efforts from a cage bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of one of the adjacent houses. These feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry; when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from his perch upon the wicker cage of his competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault on the musical captive, the owner of which, hearing the noise, came out, took the aggressor prisoner, and sold it into bondage. —South Side Democrat.

For the Republican.

Eloquence.

Speakers may express themselves in strict accordance with the rules of Grammar, and yet not be eloquent. There may indeed be a total want of eloquence, when language (grammatically speaking) is as good as it can be. Eloquence does not consist in mere words or their arrangement. It is the power of moving upon the heart; and this faculty has a closer connection with deep emotion than anything else.

Let us for illustration, suppose cases which frequently occur in real life. See that wife, pleading with an executive officer for the pardon of her husband, who has been condemned to death. She does not speak in a formal manner. Her feelings are too strong. Laying aside all studied refinement in language, she pours out her soul in pathetic entreaties. Under these circumstances she cannot fail to be eloquent, because deep feeling inspires everything that she says or does.

See again the individual who has found peace in the Saviour. Long perhaps has he been seeking the pearl of great price. Deep anguish of spirit has he passed through. Finally his burden is rolled away, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shine into his heart. How changed now his feelings. A heavenly intercourse exists between him and his God, an indescribable peace fills his soul. He wishes to tell to all around him what a dear Savior he has found, but language is inadequate—he has too much to tell. Still his countenance expressing happiness in every lineament; his eyes beaming with holy joy and his broken words, indicating plainly by his manner that they are the outpourings of an overflowing heart; these have an eloquence, which the most studied oratory can neither equal nor imitate. There is frequently more eloquence in a sentence, or word, or gesture, or look, or tear, than there is in a labored harangue.

It cannot be doubted, that many speakers are too much trammelled by system, and artificial rules, to be eloquent. The power of their words is greatly weakened, by a strained, slavish effort to be precise and methodical. If spontaneous thoughts come up burning from the heart, they are kept down, for fear that something will be said that is not so systematically correct as it should be. To be eloquent under such circumstances, is it seems to me impossible.

Subjects that are to be spoken upon should be carefully matured. All the ideas that can be obtained should be pressed into service. But when before a congregation, the mind should not be tied down rigidly to a prescribed train of thought, or routine of words. My views on this subject are expressed in the directions of an old divine to young speakers. "Fill yourselves," said he "completely with the subject, then let nature caper."

All public speakers who take an interest in what they say, are aware that, when engaged in the delivery of a discourse, spontaneous ideas are frequently awakened by the subject or surrounding circumstances. Their best ideas are generally brought out in these impassioned moments. When a speaker becomes warmed up in his theme, when the fire of eloquence begins to burn, then gems of thought frequently dart into the mind which no amount of cool study could elicit. These should not be suppressed. Let these have utterance. They form the life of a discourse. If cold chronic system is crossed a little, the effect upon those who hear will more than make it up. Words warm from the heart always move an audience.

From what has been said the following conclusion is drawn. Those whose words are prompted by strong feeling can hardly fail of being eloquent, though thought may be broken and language lame. On the other hand there can be no eloquence without feeling; no matter how much learning and talent is called into action. One cold heart cannot warm another.

Kitchen Memoranda.

Potatoes to be washed; meat to be put to soak; lamps to fill; knives to scour; furniture to be dusted; silver to be polished; front entry to be washed; beds to be made; apples to be pared; flour to sift; shirts to be ironed; dishes to be washed; beds to be cleaned; carpets to be swept; fires to be tended; dinner to get; pigs to be fed; pudding to be made; a run to the store; front door to tend; children to be waited on; baby's frock to be washed; stockings to be darned; buttons to be sewed on the shirts; skirts to be done up; tea to get; griddle cakes; dough nuts; custards; gingerbread; preserves; dishes to clear away; company; evening meetings; bed time.

What merchant, politician or president, has a longer list of daily avocations than the good housewife? and yet how little are they considered. The hard and constant fatigue of the mother should elicit a deeper sympathy, and a more strenuous effort to lighten her burdens.

LIST OF PREMIUMS

To be awarded at the Third Annual Fair of the Marshall County Agricultural Society.

CLASS A.—FARMS, CROPS, &c.

Best cultivated Farm \$6 00
2nd best 3 00
Best Essay in making, saving and applying domestic manures 3 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 20 Rods Hedge Fence 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Bee-Hives, House and Management 3 00
2nd best 1 50
Best Four Acres of Corn 3 00
2nd best 1 50
Best Quarter Acre of Irish Potatoes 2 00
2nd best 1 00

CLASS B.—WHEAT, GARDENS & ORCHARDS.

Best five acres of Wheat 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best one acre of Wheat 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Cultivated Garden 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best orchard of fifty or over, bearing trees 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Committee: J. C. VINNEDGE, JAMES A. CORSE and G. O. POMEROY.

This committee are to make view of the premises between the 20th and 30th days of June next, and competitors for premiums are required to make their entries prior to the 20th of June.

CLASS C.—FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Best Plough for loose ground 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Sod Plough 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Corn Plough 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Cultivator 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Harrow 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Wagon 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Buggy 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Double Harness 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Single Harness 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Saddle and Bridle 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Ox Yoke and Bows 50
2nd best 25
Best Cheese Press 50
2nd best 25
Best Tight Barrel 50
2nd best 25
Best Pair Horse Shoes 1 00
2nd best 50
Best 100 Brick made in the county 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Cooking Stove and Furniture 2 00
2nd best 1 00

CLASS D.—FARM PRODUCTIONS.

Best Bushel of Irish Potatoes 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Bushel Sweet Potatoes 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Bushel Turnips 50
2nd best 25
Best Half Dozen Rutabagas 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Half Dozen Beets 50
2nd best 25
Best Half Dozen Cabbage 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Braids of 50 Ears Seed Corn 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Squash 50
2nd best 25
Best and largest Pumpkin 50
2nd best 25
Best Half dozen Parsneps 50
2nd best 25
Best Half dozen Carrots 50
2nd best 25
Best Half bushel Onions 50
2nd best 25
Best Fourth bushel Beans 50
2nd best 25
Best Specimen Peas 50
2nd best 25
Best Bushel Seed Wheat 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Half bushel Timothy Seed 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Half bushel Barley 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Half dozen Stalks Cellerly 50
2nd best 25
Best Half dozen Tomatoes 50
2nd best 25

CLASS E.—HORSES.

Best Stallion \$4 00
2nd best 2 00
Best Brood Mare 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 3 year old Horse Colt 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 3 year old Mare Colt 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 2 year old Horse Colt 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 2 year old Mare Colt 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 1 year old Colt 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Suckling Colt 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Span Farm Horses 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Span Buggy Horses 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Single Buggy Horse 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Saddle Horse 1 00
2nd best 50

CLASS F.—CATTLE.

Best Bull 4 00
2nd best 2 00
Best Milch Cow 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Heifer 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Calf 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Yoke 2 year old Steers, well broke. (Premium expressly for Boys.) 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Yoke Work Oxen 2 00
2nd best 1 00

CLASS G.—SHEEP.

Best Buck 3 00
2nd best 2 00
Best Lot of 5 or more Ewes 4 00
2nd best 2 00

CLASS H.—SWINE.

Best Boar 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best Sow 2 00
2nd best 1 00
Best 5 or more pigs, four months old 2 00
2nd best 1 00

CLASS J.—POULTRY.

Best pair Cochins 50
2nd best 25
Best "Shanghais" 50
2nd best 25
Best "Dorkings" 50
2nd best 25
Best assortment of Fowls 1 00
2nd best 50

CLASS K.—BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Best pair Fine Boots 1 00
2nd best 50
Best pair Coarse Boots 50
2nd best 25
Best "Woman's Shoes" 1 00
2nd best 50
Best 3 sides Leather 1 00
2nd best 50

CLASS L.—DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Best Wool Carpet 1 00
2nd best 50
Best Rag Carpet 1 00
2nd best 50